

The Critic

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

ESSAYS, ETC.—Froude's Estimate of Carlyle. By John Burroughs (277). An Unpublished Letter from Carlyle... 278	Hubert H. Bancroft's New History; Editorial Notes..... 283
LITERATURE.—W. D. Howells's 'A Modern Instance' (278); T. Mozley's 'Reminiscences'; J. D. Cox's 'The March to the Sea' (279); H. H. Boyesen's 'Idylls of Norway'; A. Lang's 'Helen of Troy'; T. Tilton's 'Swabian Stories'; L. Stephen's 'Swift'; H. D. Traill's 'Sterne' (280); Minor Notices (281); The Recent College Troubles (communication); 'Boz' (communication); The Chautauqua School of Theology (283); The November Magazines..... 284	SCIENCE.—G. A. Wentworth's 'Complete Algebra'; G. A. Wentworth and T. Hill's 'A Practical Arithmetic'; A. W. Phillips and W. Beebe's 'Graphic Algebra' (285); Archaeological Institute of America; Scientific Note..... 286
LITERARY NOTES.—284; French Notes; German Notes..... 285	THE FINE ARTS.—Mr. Sargent's 'El Jaleo'; Art Notes..... 286
EDITORIALS.—Typical French Architecture; Education in America (282); Mr. ... 289	THE DRAMA.—B. Howard's 'Young Mrs. Winthrop', at the Madison Square; A. W. Pinero's 'The Squire', at Daly's (287); 'Mme Théâtre, at the Bijou... 288
	MUSIC.—J. Offenbach's 'Les Contes d' Hoffmann', at the Fifth Avenue; Italian Opera, at the Academy; Mme. Geistinger, at the Germania (288); Mme. Gallimeyer, at the Thalia; Musical Notes..... 289

Froude's Estimate of Carlyle.

THE only fault I have to find with Froude's Life of Carlyle is the thoroughly British and utilitarian view the author takes of his hero's character and mission, in his introduction to the work. If Carlyle was wrong about 'shooting Niagara', he says in effect, about democracy, universal suffrage, progress of the species, etc., he has misused his powers and is a failure. 'The principles of his teachings are false. He has offered himself as a guide upon a road of which he had no knowledge; and his own desire for himself would be the speediest oblivion both of his person and his works.' It is evident that Froude shares Carlyle's convictions upon the questions referred to, but with this difference: in Froude it is a matter of opinion, subject to change and revision; with Carlyle it is the inevitable outcome or expression of his inborn, ingrained pessimism in politics, and is not simply a motion of his mind, but is the bias of his nature. Regarded merely as a disturbing and overturning force, Carlyle was of great value. There never was a time, especially in an era like ours, when the opinion and moral conviction of the race did not need subsoiling, loosening up from the bottom,—the shock of rude, scornful, merciless power. There are ten thousand agencies and instrumentalities titivating the surface, smoothing, pulverizing and vulgarizing the top. Chief of these is the gigantic, ubiquitous newspaper press, without character, and without conscience; then the lyceum, the pulpit, the novel, the club—all *cultivating* the surfaces, and helping make life shallow and monotonous. How deep does the leading editorial go, or the review article, or the Sunday sermon? Not so deep as the bush with which the farmer sometimes scratches-in his grass seed. But such a force as Carlyle disturbs our complacency. Opinion is shocked, but it is deepened. The moral and intellectual resources of all men have been added to. But the literal fulfillment and verification of his prophecies,—shall we insist upon that? Is not a prophet his own proof, the same as a poet? Must we summon witnesses and go into the justice-court of fact? It is a question of law, a question of results. Was he an inspired man? was his an authoritative voice? did he touch bottom? was he sincere? was he grounded and rooted in truth? It is not the stamp on the coin that gives it its value, though on the bank-note it is. Carlyle's words were not promises, but performances; they are good now if ever. To test him by his political opinions is like testing Shakespeare by his fidelity to historical fact in his plays, or judging Lucretius by his philosophy, or Milton or Dante by their theology. Carlyle was just as distinctively an imaginative writer as were any of these men, and his case is to be tried on the same grounds. It is his utterances as a seer touching conduct, touching duty, touching nature, touching the soul, touching life, that most concern us,—the ideal he cherished, the standard he held to.

Science recognizes in nature two classes of substances, the ponderable and the imponderable. Something like the same distinction may be maintained in literature; there are the ponderable and measurable doctrines, opinions, teachings, etc., and there are the imponderable—the inspired utterances and revelations of genius, akin to light and electricity; or as De Quincey long ago put it, the literature of knowledge and the literature of power.

Carlyle's books are of the latter kind. They are bundles of thunderbolts, and the strict utilitarian is sure to miss their value. All high spiritual and prophetic utterances are instantly their own proof and justification, or they are naught. Does Mr. Froude really mean that the prophecies of Jeremiah and Isaiah have become the 'spiritual inheritance of mankind' because they were literally fulfilled in specific instances, and not because they were true from the first and always, as the impassioned yearnings and uprisings and reachings-forth of high God-burdened souls at all times are true?

Carlyle was a poet touched with religious wrath and fervor, and he confronted his times and country as squarely and in the same spirit as did the old prophets. 'For behold I have made thee this day a defended city and an iron pillar, and brazen walls against the whole land, against the Kings of Judah, against the princes thereof, against the priests thereof, and against the people of the land.' He predicts nothing, foretells nothing, except death and destruction to those who depart from the ways of the Lord, or, in modern phrase, from nature and truth. He shared the Hebraic sense of the awful mystery and fearfulness of life and the splendor and inexorability of the moral law. His habitual mood was not one of contemplation and enjoyment, but of struggle and impending calamity. Things assumed threatening and spectral shapes to him. The deep Biblical word fear—fear of the Lord, he knew what that meant, as few moderns did. When he was thirty-seven years old, he wrote in his journal: 'A strange feeling of *supernaturalism*, of the "fearfulness and wonderfulness" of life, haunts me and grows upon me.' Again he writes: 'Out of Goethe who is my near neighbor, so to speak, there is no writing that *speaks* to me like the Hebrew Scriptures, though they lie far remote.' Carlyle had no coolness and impartiality. He was a torrent which it was useless to reason and expostulate with. When he was convinced of a thing, it was like a geological tilt of the strata in that direction: not merely was the surface of his mind inclined; the very rock beneath was bent. Seldom has a man been keyed to such a pitch of earnestness and intensity without snapping and becoming a monomaniac. There was no divorce in his mind between the thought and the thing; one was just as real as the other. His ideas laid hold of him like pain or disease, and gave him no rest.

His chief significance is religious, and not in the direction of philosophy or political economy. His appeal is to courage, to manhood, to the moral sentiment. Not all the sermonizing extant is equal to his writings for deepening and sharpening one's sense of the reality of spiritual and invisible things and the sacredness and imperativeness of the simple truth. He did not write history in the old way of a topographical survey of the surface; his 'French Revolution' is more like a transverse section; more like a geologist's map than like a geographer's: the depths are laid open; the abyss yawns; the cosmic forces and fires stalk forth and become visible and real. It was this power to detach and dislocate things and project them against the light of a fierce and lurid imagination that makes his pages unique and matchless, of their kind, in literature.

He certainly had a message to deliver, as Mr. Froude hypothetically states; but he did not bring it in a napkin or on a china plate. It was good, but it was not good to eat. It was not a new system, or a revamping of an old one. It was true, but it could not be proved by the rule of three, or the rule of four. It was more like the message that the sea brings to the shore that it pounds—beauty and power; or that the lightning brings to the air it rends—freshness and life. He was antagonistic to his country and his times, as the prophet generally is; and who would have had him otherwise? This makes the force of the rebound; this is the hammer on the other side that clinches the nail. He did not believe in democracy, in popular sovereignty, in the progress of the species, in the political equality of Jesus and Judas: in fact, he repudiated with mingled wrath and sorrow the whole American idea and theory of politics; yet who shall say that his central doctrine of the survival of the fittest, the nobility of labor, the exaltation of justice, valor, pity; the leadership of character, truth, nobility, wisdom, etc., is really and finally inconsistent with, or inimical to, that which is valuable and permanent and formative in the modern movement? I think it is the best medicine and regimen for it that could be suggested—the best stay and counterweight. For the making of good democrats, there are no books like Carlyle's, and we in America need especially to cherish him, and to lay his lesson to heart.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

An Unpublished Letter from Carlyle.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

The accompanying Carlyle letter has been copied *verbatim, literatim et punctuatim*, and it seems to me is not without interest in view of the period at which it was written. It is the only remaining one of a number of his earlier letters that passed into the hands of a Brooklyn gentleman, the others having fallen a prey to rats, while carelessly stored away.

BROOKLYN, October 13, 1882. CHARLES M. SKINNER.

THE LETTER.

CRAIGENPUTTOCK, 24th July, 1830.

MR. TAIT, BOOKSELLER, 73 PRINCES STREET, EDIN'R.

MY DEAR SIR: Several years ago I engaged that the first Book I had to publish, you should have the offer of it, which promise, or threat, I have now, unexpectedly enough, opportunity of fulfilling.

The Messrs. Whittaker's grand scheme of a 'Series of Literary Histories,' in which I, after the time I saw you last, and on better terms than had then been held out, was engaged to co-operate, has fallen into such a state of stagnation, the Editor having even taken into electioneering, that I have altogether withdrawn from the concern; recalled my manuscript from the Ave Maria Lane premises; lit my pipe (or will do so) with their letter of engagement; and determined to publish the 'History of German Literature,' first enlarging it about one half, on my own foundation.

In this new state, the Book will consist of Four Volumes, each containing about 150 pages of Edinburgh-Review Letter press; or it might be arranged in Three Volumes; or any way, for it is in chapters and can be split up as we please. One volume is finished; the Second more than half-finished: the other two I will write before rising [sic]. It has cost me an immensity of trouble; I am anxious beyond measure to have [it] fairly off my hands, and as soon as may be. I reckon it an indifferent kind of Book, honestly enough written, combining Philosophy with popular Lightness; abundance of Facts with logical arrangement, as well as I could manage. Whether it is likely to be wanted in the market at this time; especially, whether it would lie in your way; how much it would be worth to you in that case; when you could publish it, and so forth; these are all questions which I now propose for your consideration, and beg for an answer to, by your earliest convenience. Deliver a Negative, with perfect freedom, if that be your mind; for I should grieve much to involve you in any losing speculation; and the Book, which I will finish, go as it may, can lie in my drawer here, and need no board wages.

Neither, on the other hand, must I hide from you, that at this moment, I could not make a bargain with you straightforward; not till I have discussed another claim and negotiation on the same subject from an Editorial Gentleman in the South; whom, however, I expect to hear from in a few days. I will say farther that my past experience of your punctuality and integrity, will induce me, whatever offer he may make, to give your offer a very considerable additional weight in my comparison.—This, it appears to me, is the whole history of the matter as it yet stands; to which let me again beg your attention and speedy answer.

I am in great haste to-night; otherwise I would have thanked you for the welcome volumes you lent me and gave me long ago: they are all safe here, and read, and will be returned, such of them as are to return, by the first parcel I send to Edin', which duty, for it is now becoming such, I mean to do soon.

Another project of publication I give you to consider at your leisure: A reprinting namely of the principal things I have written in the Edin' and Foreign Reviews; remodelled, added to &c., and hammered into a sort of unity, whereby they might stand together in some volume or two volumes, under a common Title, and without blushing for one another. I have this project also from London; but had much rather do it myself in Edinburgh: however as I said, it can wait: it is only the other that presses for execution.

Expecting to hear from you soon,

I remain, My Dear Sir,
Very truly Yours,
THOMAS CARLYLE.

Would you save me the trouble of a letter and Postage [the postage on the letter here published was nineteen cents] by sending over one of your Boys to Mr. Aitken (Messrs. Bell & Bradfute's, Bank Street) with this message: That Mr. Aitken is requested to be so good as [to] send off for me whatever Books, &c., he may have by the Dumfries Mail of Tuesday Night; especially a small *Koll*, or Parcel, which contains a *Print* we have been long anxious to see, and which probably is all he has.—Do this, if you please, and excuse the trouble I give you.

Literature

"A Modern Instance." *

IT IS evident that Mr. Howells has given to 'A Modern Instance' his most conscientious work. The study of character is finished and elaborated with the nicest skill, and is a model of precision in details. There has been no more rigidly artistic writing done in America since Hawthorne's time. In niceness of touch he is beyond Henry James, and that is saying much; for the two have introduced from abroad methods almost peculiar to the French writers, and superior to the best of the present English novelists. There is no searching for effect in Howells. The scrupulousness which guides his hand is something remarkable, and his assiduity in seeking out and appropriating every detail that may rightfully set off his story is equally marvelous.

Mr. Howells's note-books must be a storehouse, in a limited way, of the customs, habits, expressions and peculiarities of the middle life in a New England village, illustrating at once the prevailing virtues and faults of society there as keenly as De Tocqueville illustrated the political peculiarities and excellences. De Tocqueville's attitude toward the people whom he was describing was a friendly one. Mr. Howells's has hitherto been one of curiosity. As a rule, he neither hates nor loves, but is bent on reporting what he sees. He is sufficiently healthy-minded to set down nought in malice, or in sorness. He is a good-natured observer rather than a satirist, and therein differs from Mr. James. No New Englander can rightly complain either of his tone or his accuracy, whatever may be said of his choice of theme. He has touched, in the story under review, some heights and depths never before reached by him. Hitherto he has seemed incapable of portraying deep, strong passions; but in Squire Gaylord and Halleck his venture lies beyond the placid shallows which have so often engaged his attention. He is not often pronouncedly a moralist; but in Atherton and Halleck he reflects keenly the finer reaches of New England sentiment on the marriage question, and comes nearer to indicating what we may suppose to be his own sympathy with the severer Puritan element in morals. The scenes between Halleck and Atherton, and the court scene in Indiana, are powerful pleas in the interest of stringent divorce laws. In the case of Atherton, one would be inclined to think his morality too severe. Atherton is certainly harder on Halleck's feeling for Marcia Hubbard than the general Puritan sentiment, in its sterner aspects, has been in like cases; but still such severity is easily understood, and no doubt Mr. Howells has his eye on some actual Atherton. It is, perhaps, in this growing power of portraying the higher passions, and in presenting the serious aspect of some very serious questions, that the greater promise of the present volume lies. Hitherto the author has reflected only the surface of life,—reflected it carefully and accurately, to be sure, but it was only the surface; and one began to think that there was no life in New England except that which showed itself on the railroad or on the boarding-house piazza. Now the novelist has gone deeper and pictured, not manners only, but much that lies behind and makes manners. He begins to have convictions as well as observing faculties. He still lacks sympathies, and his chief faults lie still in mechanical effects produced by his very painstaking. We cannot complain of what he puts in, but of what he has left out.

A friend of New England would not like New England maidens to be judged by Marcia Hubbard. There are girls, even in village life, whose horizon is wider, whose culture is more generous, whose family surroundings are sweeter; but Marcia is what she is, and doubtless what Mr. Howells intended to make her. Given her impulsive temper, her strong will, her belief in her own instincts, united to the pluck which belongs to Squire Gaylord's daughter, and village customs and education would supply the rest. But if the author's object had been to show what best thing village life could do in the way of noble women, he could easily have found the self-sacrifice without the narrowness of ideas, the strong love without the jealousy of temper, the intense nature with a steadier directing force. It would have been easy to supply from every considerable New England town larger sympathies, finer ideals, sweeter natures. Neither would it be just to judge New England's best village men by any of the

* A Modern Instance. A Novel. By William D. Howells. \$1.50. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

models in 'A Modern Instance.' There is a delicacy of sentiment, a charity of judgment, combined with strength, vigor and earnestness, of which New England has been the prime nurse, and which no character in the book at all illustrates. The best persons in the story are from the university centres, but an equally manly outcome may be found in every village, though with less polish. The university is fortunate in being able to polish *some* of the good granite of the country districts; but there is, after all, the great mass of material which receives its education from the newspapers and magazines, from the platform lectures and the newest and meatiest books. There is no class of men in the world who work so hard and read so much and think so much, independently and judiciously, as the New England home-bred country people, who alone, justly portrayed, should be allowed to represent the characteristic element of that section, —giving it, as they do, not only a local habitation, but a name and fame beyond the borders. This volume, more than any other of Mr. Howells's stories, gives us a hope that he will some day make a study of this better life.

With a greater fulness of background and a better quality of atmosphere than he has hitherto succeeded in getting, the author still fails in giving a glow to his pages—in making the life which he describes subordinate to the general life of the community. Everything is isolated. It is clear and distinct, like the trees and mountains in the landscape of the pre-Raphaelite painters, but it is harsh and unpleasing like their landscapes. We turn away dissatisfied—at what, we hardly know. The scene in nature is so softened and toned down that it allures us, but on the canvas the fascinating quality is lacking. Some of our most inferior writers excel both Mr. Howells and Mr. James in this quality of atmosphere. Why should not these very skilful workmen acquire the art?

Mozley's "Reminiscences."*

THIS book of 'Reminiscences' is in two important respects different from the Boswell-like diaries of which our generation has seen its full share. It is largely taken up, it is true, with accounts of persons the author has known, but these are nearly all connected by a tie peculiar and close. Many of them figure in a great intellectual and spiritual movement, and form, more or less consciously, parts of an organic whole. Others are distinguished by their opposition to this movement. Almost all have some connection with it. This is one marked characteristic of the book, and it descends to the incoherence of mere gossip only when this unifying thread falls for a time from Mr. Mozley's hand. A second characteristic is the author's attitude toward the persons of whom he speaks. His judgments are, in form, mostly objective and impartial. There is no violence even in his severest criticisms; —they are passionless and cool.

It is, however, this peculiar quality which makes their edge most painfully keen, and consideration for the feelings of the living ought to have softened even condemnations which may be just. That some are gravely unjust we are ready to believe, when we take into account the peculiar limitations of the writer's own mind, as these become evident in the course of the volumes. While he is troubled by no hesitation in expressing what he thinks about men, he keeps his own person even too studiously in the background, and it may well be doubted whether he really did exert a much greater influence than he claims for himself. He does not assume to be either philosopher or theologian, and there is not a particle of evidence before us that he is either of these, or that he had even the deep convictions and the genial power over men which characterized the true leaders of the 'Oxford Movement.' The last chapters, in which he attempts to discuss ideas rather than persons, show his weakness most evidently, and withdraw themselves from the range of sharp criticism only by their absolute and evidently sincere disclaimers of intellectual authority. And in estimating him and his work it must be noted that the struggles through which he passed were very difficult; that he almost 'went over to Rome,' and was held back simply, as it appears, through the absence of an external impulse strong enough to send him across the boundary-line. A word from Newman, he himself believes, would have been sufficient. He still speaks of the Romish Church with affection, and magnifies the resemblances between it and the Church of England; and this sentiment is not matched by any vivid perception

of the value of the Protestant theory, or the actual achievements and promise of Protestantism. From such a man, endowed besides with fair powers of observation, a reflective habit, and a good deal of candor, we may expect a large amount of material for critic and historian; but we cannot expect him to discharge adequately the functions of either the one or the other. He is best—not most piquant, but most satisfying—in speaking of characters with whom he feels strong sympathy. His very strongest mental experience seems to have been a deep, even reverential, faith in John Henry Newman, and if there were nothing else in the book it would be valuable to us in its loving portrayal of that rare character. It is not that many new incidents are told us, but what is told, and the way it is told, bring us into an atmosphere where we perceive the subtle and elusive secret of Newman's power over many different sorts of men. Some facts about the movement itself are set in a new light. Perhaps the most important to be understood, and yet one greatly overlooked, is what may be called, not exactly its indefiniteness, but its indefiniteness. The objects at which it aimed were in large, shadowy outline;—the struggle over this and that detail was not the essence of the conflict. Some wide and deep spiritual growth was the essential desire, and the comprehensiveness of the movement—the variety of nature embraced in it—finds an explanation just here.

"The March to the Sea."*

GENERAL COX tells us in his preface to this volume that he had in mind while writing it those who served in the late war, rather than the general reader. The general reader need not be led by this caution to drop the book as one of merely dry military detail, in which he can take no possible interest. Either General Cox does scant justice to himself as a writer, or he underrates the intelligence of those to whom many well-written book upon the Rebellion or its several campaigns is welcome.

In one sense, it may be truly said that everybody 'served in the late war.' The interest in it was so intense, and there was so much at stake, that to everybody of ordinary intelligence its progress was thoroughly familiar, the causes and results of each movement were carefully observed, and, so far as was possible at the moment, clearly comprehended. That diligent historian, the newspaper correspondent, was ubiquitous at the front, and in Washington was quite as familiar with affairs as a Cabinet officer. Cabinet officers, indeed, sometimes learned more from their morning papers than they did from each other; and the great War Secretary, Stanton, was sometimes moved to such expressions of wrath as characterized the army in Flanders, when, in spite of his precautions, news which he had supposed was safely locked up in his own despatches flashed over the wires and was read of all the world in the morning's papers. And so it comes to pass that, for this war at least, there is no such thing as an exclusive class of military readers, in the ordinary sense of that term.

General Cox's volume seems to us to be in no sense too technical. It may and must have a peculiar interest to those who served under Sherman and Thomas in the last campaigns of the war; but its appreciation and its comprehension will not be less by those who, having snuffed none of the smoke of those battles, may be called the unprofessional readers. As the March to the Sea was the continuation of the Atlanta Campaign; as Schofield's battle of Franklin was the precursor of the battle of Nashville; so Thomas's brilliant success here was a necessary counterpart of Sherman's march across Georgia, which led to Johnston's surrender to him, Lee's surrender to Grant, and the overthrow of the Rebellion. While General Cox's narrative of movements, of marches, of defeats, and of victories, is given with his usual precision and clearness of detail, it is even of more historical value, inasmuch as the relations of parts to the whole, and as sequences and consequences, are kept constantly in view. The boldness and even the romance of Sherman's great march across Georgia appeal so much to the imagination that its careful revision and sound calculation of results have sometimes been lost sight of. The march from Georgia to North Carolina was, in fact, a much more remarkable achievement; but the qualities of the great General were, above all, shown in the well-considered plan of the campaign, and its inevitable consequences, should it be successful. It detracts nothing from the fame of Grant's great fighting qualities to say that it was Sherman's comprehensive conduct of great military movements, each important in itself, and each a part of a great whole, that, more than anything else, gave the final triumph to the Federal army. General Cox does not say so, but it is, it seems to us, one great merit of his book, that the reader will probably be brought to that conclusion by a just understanding of the motives, the strategy, and the forethought of the greatest captain of the war.

* Reminiscences, chiefly of Oriel College and the Oxford Movement. By the Rev. T. Mozley, M.A. 2 vols. \$3. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

* The March to the Sea. Franklin and Nashville. By Jacob D. Cox, late Major-General, etc. \$1. (Campaigns of the Civil War.) New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Three New Volumes of Poetry.*

WE find in Prof. Boyesen's poetry (1) what is noticeable in his prose—a certain freshness of theme, a fair narrative ability, a lively enthusiasm for rural charms, a little over-tenderness for the beauty of girlhood and for the romantic interest belonging to its ripening period. Each poem contains the matter and incident of a novel, and is an attempt to put into verse what would better go into one of the author's fresh and pleasing prose stories. We must confess that we would prefer the tale in the less hampered diction of plain prose. Prof. Boyesen opened for himself some years ago a peculiar field in North German and Scandinavian life and scenery; and while this field was less thoroughly worked than it now is, there was a charm in his excursions into it that gave him a ready welcome among American readers. He is still, in prose fiction, master of his style and taking manner, but his topics have their limits, and every year requires greater skill and deeper study to make them available. What the author can add from a rich nature, or wide-reading, or cunning art, is now imperatively demanded. There are other equally attractive fields of romance and exceedingly clever discoverers who bring taste, activity, and learning to their work. To maintain a high rank among such competitors, a writer has to find his specialty and do his best in it. Slow and laborious work is needful, while facility in production is dangerous. In leaving his own specialty of romance in prose for poetical romance, the author seems to us not to be happy. If he has knowledge of the forms of verse, he has an inferior judgment in the use of them. He keeps too closely to the prosaic virtues, and when he leaves the plain straight road of prose, he fails rather than rises. He is not fortunate in a vocabulary, and shows perhaps too much hurry in work, or lack of a pure taste. An over facility in narration is fatal to excellence in verse. The very quality which would tell in a story, and is supreme there, becomes subordinate, though not unimportant, in poetry. Just as a good pulpit style is not a good magazine style, or just as a good parliamentary form is anything but a good essay form, so an admirable prose style may become execrable in the poetic art.

The choice of forms, again, in Prof. Boyesen's poems seems to be wholly guided by the necessities of narration and lies generally between two or three measures that have been least successfully treated by the poets. It requires the rarest skill to give to these vehicles of song anything but a narrative force. The reader is only anxious that the journey's end should be compassed; for the conveyance does not suggest comfort—does not lend itself at all to luxurious ease or enjoyment. There is a music about in the air that irritates but never charms the ear. It is hard to give the verses variety, hard to keep them from becoming monotonous; so that the reader is forced to fall back on the steady jog-trot virtues of prose, and remember that the vehicle conveys 'a lover and his lass' to the pre-ordained end of their journey in some pretty Norwegian farmhouse.

HELEN, the daughter of Leda, and mother of Hermione, who had the good or bad fortune to set the ancient world by the ears, finds to-day defenders among the poets, as she did of old among the lovers of beautiful women—poets who are ready to accept the sweeter legends of her character, not often accepted either now or of old. In 'Helen of Troy,' one of those scholarly poetical defenders takes the handsome side and shows with exquisite grace and skill the lovely, pure, and tender possible qualities in Helen's life. Mr. Lang has long since shown his delicate and profound scholarship, his nice and careful acquaintance with the field of Greek and Trojan legend. In his late translation of the 'Odyssey,' conjointly with S. R. Butcher of Oxford, he gives the highest evidence of purity of taste and judgment in, rendering Homer into English prose, and if evidence were wanting of poetical ability, it is supplied in the present poem, which, taking advantage of all the myths favorable to Helen's honesty, represents her as going to Troy with Paris, not partially but wholly deluded by Venus, who puts the lovely queen into a trance, and deprives her of all remembrance of her life with Menelaus, in which state of total forgetfulness she remains innocent, more or less happy in her love, and pure, until the same goddess, after the fall of Troy, restores her memory of the old life in Argos, and re-awakens her love for Menelaus, with whom she returns to Greece and lives, until both are transported immortal, to Elysium.

They grew not grey within the valley fair
Of hollow Lacedaemon, but were brought
To Rhadamanthus of the golden hair
Beyond the world's wide end; ah, never there
Comes storm nor snow; all grief is left behind,
And men immortal, in enchanted air,
Breathe the cool current of the western wind.

This delightful view of Helen's character has the merit of explaining much that is otherwise almost inexplicable in the events of her life.

* (1) Idyls of Norway. By H. H. Boyesen. (2) Helen of Troy. By A. Lang. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. (3) Swabian Stories. By Theodore Tilton. \$1.50. New York: R. Worthington.

It is a lovely poetical conception, and in this poem both daintily and simply told. The spirit, the expression, and pretty much all the material are thoroughly Homeric. The details are often copied literally from the poets, rather than invented, and the simple heroic flavor which this gives to the song is its chief charm.

THAT our bards should find in the ancient Swabia (3) material for song is not wonderful. There is no land richer in legend and romance, or in present beauty and charm, than that where the Neckar pours royally down into the Rhine valley, leaving castles and towns under therowning hills, to pursue its quiet way among picturesque hamlets through the plain. But the songs of Swabia which will bear transporting will hardly bear diluting to the extent to which they get it in Mr. Tilton's volume. To stretch out the simple story of Ulrica and the Silver Bell of Stuttgart to the extent of eighty-five seven-line stanzas, when the tale could be set handsomely, with every gem intact, in a three-page poem, is trying; but one could forgive the dilution if the old legend were transferred by this

sea-change

Into something rich and strange.

It is transformed, instead, into a rather monotonous tale, whose chief merit is a uniform correctness of rhythm and rhyme, only rarely lapsing into weakness, and never rising into vigor or beauty. The tale is like molasses candy, which can be cut anywhere—each cutting warranted to contain the average amount of saccharine matter. Much of the monotony, perhaps, lies in the measure, which is thickly studded with rhymes, and beats with an unbroken regularity that has all of the rules in its favor, and all of the true bards against it. The ear aches with perpetual hammering on one chord. The steady jog-jog becomes wearing, until one longs for an *einspanner* on a Swabian Alp, even with the possibilities of a dislocation. But while the lilt of the verse is accountable in some measure for the weakness, the lack of poetic energy, of vivid fancy, and of point, is a vital lack, and gives the taint of mortality to this and every poem in the volume. They are not of the immortal stuff that make fame; and yet one can read fifty pages of Mr. Tilton and be disappointed in every page, and still be at a loss to tell why. His muse is so well dressed, and moves about with such a 'society' air, that she passes muster very well in the crowd. It is only when the true lady comes along and 'walks the goddess' that one sees what an ordinary gait this one has.

Swift and Sterne.*

IT IS a curious coincidence that the biography of Laurence Sterne should follow the biography of Jonathan Swift in this rapidly-growing series. It suggests a comparison of the characters and the careers of the two men, both of whom were clergymen of the Established Church of England, yet neither of whom achieved fame because of his connection with that body. Swift was a man of great practical charity; but his other qualifications for the ministry were conspicuous only by their absence. His sermons, according to his own admission, were little more than political tracts, and the few of them that remain would hardly establish his claim to rank, as a pulpit-orator, with Father Hyacinth or the Rev. Phillips Brooks. Sterne was not given to the writing of political pamphlets; but his published discourses prove his possession of any qualities but those which are looked for in a clergyman. In the words of the poet Gray, 'you often see him tottering on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his periwig in the face of the audience.' 'Audience,' it may be observed in passing, is a much fitter word in this connection than that which is more commonly applied, in this country at least, to bodies of worshippers. The difference between their sermons marked, to a certain extent, the difference between the two men; one serious, even terrible, in his best moments; the other of comparatively little account, save when his mood was merry.

Mr. Stephen's is the bulkier of the two biographies. The materials for a Life of Swift, though they are to be found chiefly in his own Works and correspondence, are yet far more abundant than the data available to the biographer of Sterne. In order, therefore, to make his book come within thirty pages of the size of that which preceded it, Mr. Traill has been obliged to pad it with chapters of criticism, well-furnished with illustrative quotations; yet no one will complain on this score, for these critical chapters are among the most interesting in the volume. It is not unsafe to say that with most of Mr. Traill's readers 'Tristram Shandy' is a masterpiece more talked about than read, and the service which is done them in bringing fairly before their eyes the peculiar merits that have given it its vogue are not likely to be over-estimated. The comments on the successive volumes of the book are introduced in chronological order, the various chapters in which they occur containing a biographical setting for the jewels of analysis and criticism in the shaping of which the author has found his chief delight. In like manner, the first and second sets of sermons—the 'pre-Shandian' and the

* Swift. By Leslie Stephen. Sterne. By H. D. Traill. 75c. each. (English Men-of-Letters.) New York: Harper & Bros.

'post-Shandian'—are considered; and 'The Sentimental Journey'—that wonderfully popular sketch-book, of which translations have been made into nearly all the languages of Europe. In his concluding chapter, on Sterne's place in English literature, Mr. Traill has some excellent remarks on the English classics of the last and earlier centuries, from which we cannot refrain from quoting:

There is the class who are still read in a certain measure, though in a much smaller measure than is pretended, by the great body of ordinarily well-educated men. Of this class, the two authors whose names I have already cited, Swift and Fielding, are typical examples; and it may be taken to include Goldsmith also. Then comes the class of those whom the ordinarily well-educated public, whatever they may pretend, read really very little or not at all; and in this class we may couple Sterne with Addison, with Smollett, and except, of course, as to 'Robinson Crusoe'—unless, indeed, our *blast* boys have outgrown him among other pleasures of boyhood—with Defoe. But below this there is yet a third class of writers, who are not only read by none but the critic, the connoisseur, or the historian of literature, but are scarcely read even by them, except from curiosity, or 'in the way of business.' The type of this class is Richardson; and one cannot, I say, help asking whether he will hereafter have Sterne as a companion of his dusty solitude. Are 'Tristram Shandy' and 'The Sentimental Journey' destined to descend from the second class into the third—from the region of partial into that of total neglect, and to have their portion with 'Clarissa Harlowe' and 'Sir Charles Grandison'?

Seeing, too, that a good three-fourths of the attractions which won Sterne his contemporary popularity are now so much dead weight of dead matter, and that the vital residuum is in amount so small, the fate of Richardson might seem to be but too close behind him. Yet it is difficult to believe that this fate will ever quite overtake him. His sentiment may have mostly ceased—it probably has ceased—to stir any emotion at all in these days; but there is an imperishable element in his humor.

It is well known that Mr. Morley, the Editor of this series, had reserved Swift as a subject to be treated by himself, but was forced by pressure of other engagements to transfer the task to Mr. Stephen; and complaint has been made, in at least one quarter, that traces of hasty preparation are visible in the present work. If so, it is only to the eye that seeks them. If Mr. Stephen—who, by the way, has contributed three times as largely to this series as any other writer—has really been obliged to work hurriedly, he is to be congratulated on having accomplished a tour-de-force such as few men could be expected to perform. His familiarity with Swift's writings, and with the numerous lives of him which have been published, does not seem to date from only six months since; nor is his style anywhere so slipshod as to suggest the presence of a printer's-devil at his elbow. It is not, perhaps, as valuable a work as Mr. Morley might have been expected to put forth on the same subject; but it is a clear, tolerably full, and not uninteresting biography of one of the most notable personalities in the history of English literature, and it will be read by very many who have neither time nor opportunity to examine Sir Walter Scott's admirable, if not always accurate, *Life of the satiric Dean*.

Minor Notices.

IN 'EASY STAR-LESSONS' (Putnam: \$2.50) Mr. Proctor sets forth the appearance of the heavens for each month of the year, as visible in our northern latitudes. He presents for each month a set of four small maps which respectively show the principal constellations of the northern, southern, eastern, and western sky. Each set of maps is prefaced by a chapter describing them, and containing an immense amount of all sorts of information (and some fancy) about the stars and constellations, written in the author's peculiarly interesting and graphic, though rather desultory style. The book will undoubtedly be useful to those who would like to learn something about the stars in an easy way, and do not mind going over a good deal of ground in doing it. A serious student would probably prefer his material in a somewhat more concentrated form; for it must be admitted that Mr. Proctor's 'milk-for-babes' is rather dilute, though very palatable.

IF ANY outside influence were needed to persuade people to read 'The Lady of the Lake,' it might be found in the beauty of this new edition of that perennially popular poem (Boston: Osgood: \$6). Critics may quarrel over the quality of Scott's narrative verse, some claiming for it the praise due only to imaginative poetry of the highest class, while others—with whom the present writer would freely consent to see himself classed—regard it merely as a superior sort of rhymed prose, interspersed with some of the most charming lyrics in the language;—critics, we say, may dispute this point to the end of time, but, while they are quarrelling over it, the publishers will go on reprinting the poem, and the public will continue to read it, particularly when it is presented in such handsome shape as the volume which lies before us. In paper, type, and binding, the book will add to the good repute of the University Press. In the matter of illustrations it also deserves some praise. We have mentioned heretofore that Mr. A. V. S. Anthony was sent to the Scottish Highlands to make original sketches for the work; and all the illustrations have been engraved under his supervision. A prime defect is, that they have a 'slicked-up' look, displeasing in

pictures of rough scenes; the Highland chiefs look as if they had donned their philibegs and bonnets for the occasion, and intended to discard them when the reader closed the book.

LIEUT. DANENHOWER's 'Narrative of the Jeannette' (Boston: Osgood: 25c.), although nothing more than a revised and corrected edition of the story which he told to Mr. Jackson, the *Herald's* correspondent in Siberia, more than six months ago, is, as yet, the only complete and connected account which we have of the last American polar expedition. In literary form, it is as simple, direct and uncolored as a whaler's log-book. No attempt is made by the author to give picturesqueness to the incidents which he relates, to heighten the dramatic effect of the catastrophe with which his story closes, or to play in any way upon the reader's emotions. If sympathy be felt with the little band of gallant men whose struggle for life the book records, it is not because the record is eloquent, or the descriptions vivid, or because the writer himself seems moved by the sufferings which he briefly chronicles; but because the struggles and the sufferings were in themselves heroic. With two exceptions, the changes which Lieutenant Danenhower has made in revising his *Herald* letters for republication are merely verbal. On page 69, he has added about 300 words to show more clearly the consequences of one of Captain De Long's errors of judgment, and on pages 88, 94, and 95, he has omitted those parts of his last *Herald* letter which have been understood as reflecting unfavorably upon Engineer Melville. The book has for a frontispiece a portrait of the author, and is further illustrated with a number of diagrams and maps.

In preparing his recently-issued 'Selections from Landor' (Macmillan: \$1.25) Prof. Colvin acted upon a suggestion contained in his own admirable *Life of Landor in the English Men-of-Letters Series*. Such a volume was needed to supplement the earlier anthologies mentioned in the last number of *THE CRITIC*, and no one was more competent to perform the task than Prof. Colvin himself. The excellent monograph on Landor's poetry and prose which prefaces the present volume is not a reprint of the critical chapters in the biography referred to: it is a new essay, and in some respects a better one. Prof. Colvin, it may be unnecessary to say, is a great admirer of the choleric poet and essayist, from whose writings he has gathered these gems of thought; but it is not in this respect that he differs from the body of English-speaking scholars in England and America: his relations to Landor differ from theirs in this particular alone, that he has done more than any other man to spread abroad a knowledge and appreciation of the master's writings. The republication of Landor's 'Imaginary Conversations' by the Messrs. Roberts in a neat five-volume edition (Boston: \$5) followed hard upon the appearance of Prof. Colvin's anthology, and afforded many persons whose interest in Landor had been awakened or revived by that work a timely opportunity of possessing themselves of a set of those masterpieces. The first volume contains a good likeness of Landor's leonine head. Unless we are much mistaken, this edition of the Conversations is destined to be more widely read than any that has yet been printed here.

IF ANY ONE should buy the Rev. S. Baring-Gould's 'The Vicar of Morwenstow' (New York: Whittaker: 60c.) under the mistaken idea that it is a novel, let him not put it down unread on discovering it to be a biography. He will find, indeed, that few novels of the season can compete with it in interest. The biographical style is admirable; for the biographer is full of sympathy and admiration for his subject without undue enthusiasm; he effaces himself entirely, judges nothing, commends nothing, condemns nothing; but, contenting himself with the unvarnished facts, presents them in a way to make us wonder that the fascinating queer old vicar could really have existed, while never doubting the absolute fidelity of the photograph. This delightfully whimsical old man—in his youth as charming a boy as any of Stockton's or Aldrich's young heroes; in his manhood, as witty as Sidney Smith, and as athletic as 'The Reverend Idol'; and in his old age more unfortunate than Scott,—surely such a man would have been no mean hero in fiction. It was the Vicar of Morwenstow who first showed Kingsley much of the scenery described in 'Westward Ho!', who discussed the Arthurian legends with Tennyson before the publication of the Idylls, and who himself wrote verses which deceived Sir Walter Scott and Macaulay into the belief that they were ancient ballads. The temptation to quote from his sententious wit or from his 'capital stories' is irresistible; but we must content ourselves with a single example—hoping that readers who 'wish there was more on' will find it necessary to read the whole volume: To a man complaining that the prosperity of a well-known villain showed the indifference of the Lord, the Vicar replied, 'My friend, God does not always pay His wages on Saturday night!'

A VOLUME of 'Selections from Browning,' with an introduction by Richard Grant White, will be published in November, by Dodd, Mead & Co., in the same style as their 'Songs from the Dramatists.' There will be two editions,—one (on large paper) limited.

The Critic

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Typical French Architecture.

THAT magnificent series of buildings, of which the Louvre forms the chief part, affects the traveller who has never seen his Paris before with not a little admiration. He sees the mass in its orderly arrangement, and notes how homogeneous are its different members. The long façades, with their symmetrical projections and depressions, their strong architraves, niches, statues, groups of animated figures in stone, and all the multiplied decorations of 17th, 18th and 19th century renaissance, strike repeated strokes on the mind, until the desire of the planners and builders of these famous palaces and courts is attained: the traveller is stupefied by the sheer weight of buildings and ornaments, and has to acknowledge the greatness of the artistic glory of France. With time, however, the pleasure of looking at the architectural achievements of Le Mercier and Visconti strangely palls. Especially are those who have not come greatly under the spell of classicism apt to weary soon of the monotony of the architecture. The statues begin to look stereotyped, and the great even wings enclosing the well-kept gardens and courts have a sameness of effect that bores the western Goim. One is ready to fly for relief to the variegated and often grotesque façades of the old Hollandish cities, and exchange all the heavy pomp of Louis XIV. for the rickety houses overlooking drowsy canals—houses that seem, as a clever writer on Holland recently said, to be so old that they are forced to lean on crutches. If any large number of Americans are guilty of such heresy as this, which they share with many connoisseurs of other lands, it might be well to think of the chances in this country for similar feats in architecture. With present appliances, and the accumulation of wealth in a few hands, there is no absolute impossibility that one or several capitalists, or that a state or city, should begin to build on a scale equal to that of the Louvre and Tuilleries. They would naturally turn to these as to the most famous, or the most conspicuous, examples of what is proper to certain ends in architecture on a magnificent scale. Well-meaning but pedantic architects would be found to repeat the error of the great Cathedral in Fifth Avenue, and simply transfer to our soil a duplicate, more or less exact, of a building that strikes with surprise the unwary visitor to Europe. That building, however, would probably be entirely unsuited to our needs and our climate; a result of a civilization no longer, if ever, found on this continent, and of a form of government that barely survives in the land where such architectural schemes had once a natural, national birth. What would be the effect of naturalizing here the architecture that is most prominent in Paris? Would it suit the genius of the people of the United States?

The Louvre, it will be remembered, became—from a somewhat, mythical hunting-box, named after the wolves there hunted or there kept in confinement—a Gothic royal palace, which Lescot made over into a Renaissance palace under François Premier. Henri Quatre added to it, and it was under him, not under Louis XIV., or the late Napoleon, that the Louvre had its true splendor. It was then irregular. It had all that was good in the Renaissance, without that formality and repetition which now offends. And, singularly enough, it has been recently pointed out that the conception of the use to which the Louvre was to be put was also

finest under Henri Quatre. Before him it only existed for the benefit of the crown. After him Louis XIV. used it as a background for his enormous boastings, allowing himself to be blazoned on every wall as the conqueror in battles won by his famous generals, and even apotheosized as Apollo, the sun-god. A contemporary of Henri Quatre has left the following remarkable testimony as to the enlightened ideas of a monarch who is chiefly remembered as a fighter and gallant. The King, he wrote, proposed to have near him all kinds of manufactures, and the best artisans of each trade, both for the benefit of Paris, and to make use of them himself, if needed. He wished to form a nursery of workmen who might turn out good masters and spread through France. Under the gallery of the Louvre he opened divers apartments in order to lodge them, and in 1668 accorded them the most favorable rights. In the Louvre he had the best sculptors, watch-makers, perfumers, cutlers, jewelers, steel-forgers, gilders, damasquiners, makers of mathematical instruments. A colony of sculptors, architects, carpet-makers, and similar workers, occupied all the lodgings that could be found underneath that gallery. For it was the wish of the King to lodge in the Louvre the greatest nobles and the best masters of the kingdom, in order to make, as it were, an alliance of bright minds and the fine arts on the one hand, with the noblesse and the military on the other. So it was while the Louvre was a comparatively rough-and-ready place that it had its highest glory. Henri Quatre had not absorbed all of France as Louis XIV. did, and the monotony of the Louvre was not due to him. The good repute of the palace, however, was his: the distinction of having chambers in the Louvre, which afterward became a kind of title to wits, if not to blood, arose from the initiative of the Béarnais.

It need not be argued that our civilization is that of France in his time, or our government like his; but certainly they are nearer to his than to those of Louis XIV. or of Napoleon III. We are neither centralizers, nor monarchists, nor inheritors, to any alarming extent, of the architectural traditions of Rome. Everything points to the raising of the individual on this side of the Atlantic. Not grand homogeneousness, but piquant individuality, is to be expected here in any architecture that arises naturally, without a too slavish imitation of foreign styles. The repugnance that many persons feel for the French Renaissance architecture is founded on very solid grounds of personal and political methods and usages. We will have to get our large architectural effects by happy chances and the coming together of different buildings. Perhaps the time will come when builders and architects will consult adjacent edifices before settling the design of a building, and use great care that not its forms only, not only its masses and outlines, shall fall agreeably into the broader effects of street and square, but that its color shall be such as in the general view to delight the eye, not jar upon it.

Education in America.

THE Report of the Commissioner of Education for 1880, just published, supplies many points of interest as well to the general community, as to those persons specially engaged in the working of our school system. The field covered by the Report is wide, and the statistics gathered bear upon every side of the subject of education—the cost and methods of instruction in the various states and abroad; the number and age and increase of pupils; the diseases to which pupils are peculiarly subject, myopia, color-blindness, etc.; sanitation in connection with education; the physiology of reading and writing; school taxation and litigation; instruction in forestry, etc. There is thus a large amount of material laid before the public, and it should receive the attention of those competent to work out of it substantial good.

In America, where the government cannot, from the nature of the case, take more than an advisory interest in the methods of education, its influence must be looked for in the volume of information it is able to place before the public. It is not to be expected that the Commissioner, even with his wider field of observation, should present views that will materially affect the country. There are thousands of men who have both a practical and theoretical acquaintance with the subject to whom we must look for the invention and testing of methods, for all real improvements in the common-school system; but private action and public discussion, with an intelligible basis of facts, may be stimulated, and this should be the outcome of these Reports, of which the present is the eleventh annual volume.

The inability of the general government to take a controlling part in the management of a school system which is acknowledged to lie at the foundation of our national life results in our being left with as many methods as there are states and territories—almost as many, in fact, as there are counties and towns; so that it is as impossible to speak of an American system of education as it is to speak of a European system. The method of pricking on the youth at the point of the bayonet cannot be transplanted from the Teutonic soil to ours. It is a relic of past ages. We do not want it; but an intelligent public sentiment may do what the bayonet cannot. It may make the school-room attractive, the teacher a trained scholar, the school architect a man of sufficient knowledge to erect, after a reasonable number of failures, a healthy building, the school supervisors able to spell in words of three syllables, the school committee competent to tell a good text-book without the certificate of a publisher, and courageous enough to keep it against the solicitations of an agent. Public sentiment, enlightened by such reports as this of the Commissioner, can do this work, irregularly and incompletely, to be sure, but so that the tax-payer will find less cause to grumble, and the community get a reasonable return for its interest.

Mr. Hubert H. Bancroft's New History.

THE appearance of the first volumes of Mr. Hubert H. Bancroft's 'History of the Pacific States of North America' recalls attention to the marvellous collection of Americana of which that gentleman is the owner. The San Francisco *Argonaut* of September 30 contained a very interesting account of the treasures of his library, which yet failed—though it filled several columns of small type—to do full justice to the theme. It is probable, indeed, that the subject will find adequate treatment only in the collector's own writings, of which an introductory series, 'The Native Races of the Pacific States,' appeared seven years ago. The thirty-five thousand volumes which Mr. Bancroft has spent many years and half a million dollars in gathering together, housing, cataloguing, and laboriously studying, form, in the opinion of cultivated people the world over, the richest treasure of the Pacific slope. Their possessor would have won the esteem of those who seek the advancement of letters in the Republic—and of the many who hold that the American archaeologist should study first the beginnings of life on this continent—had he done no more than to bring together and arrange for convenient reference the rare works which fill his fire-proof building; but he has shown his superiority over the mere collector, and has made a further claim upon the grateful remembrance of his countrymen, by reproducing in a form more compact and readily available the vast stores of information buried in these musty tomes. Each of the twenty-five (possibly thirty) volumes to be included in 'The History of the Pacific States' will average 700 pages, with maps and plans. The first to appear are Vols. I. (the first of three on Central America) and IV. (the first of eight on Mexico). The other states and territories to be considered are 'New Mexico and Arizona,' 'Utah and Nevada,' 'Washington, Idaho, and Montana,' 'British Columbia,' 'Alaska' (one volume to each title), 'California' (seven volumes), and 'Oregon' (two). Mr. Bancroft has set himself an Herculean task; but it is one for which he has already demonstrated his fitness, and for the successful accomplishment of which no facility is lacking.

AN ESTEEMED Baltimore contemporary credits us with having proved that 'most of Mr. Howells's plots for novels are taken from Shakespeare.' Really, if we have done this, we have done a great deal more than we aimed to do. What we did say (and proved) was that the novelist's *tites* are taken from chance phrases in Shakespeare. His plots, so far as we remember, are wholly original. No charge of plagiarism was involved in the note referred to.

MR. G. W. SMALLEY, in his entertaining 'Notes on Books' in a recent issue of the *Tribune*, notices as a singular instance of activity among English publishers the advertisement of an edition of Herrick, by Messrs. S. Low & Co., 'with many splendid American engravings, after designs by E. A. Abbey.' It certainly is a significant fact that an English publisher has learned that it is 'a recommendation to an English public that the illustrations to his book should be American.' It is not so much that the English publisher should feel the superiority of American engraving as that he should publicly acknowledge it. The fact has been gracefully acknowledged by English and French art-critics, but its acknowledgment by a publisher has a more practical value.

In *The North American Review* for October there is an article on 'The Pretensions of Journalism,' by George T. Rider, in which the writer insists upon the 'growing insincerity and duplicity' of the

press, which, he declares, has become 'the voice and echo of party,' and in many instances wears the 'sinister livery of servitude to this or that money-king.' He resents the prying of reporters into the private affairs of public men; he is indignant at the 'minute and filthy reports of scandalous trials' that are brought into every household. In making these complaints Mr. Rider will have the sympathy of all right-minded persons. There is no excuse for pandering to a taste that craves the particulars of such a trial as that of the Malley's at New Haven; and we believe the time will come when such unsavory matter will not be set before the readers of our leading dailies. Mr. Rider also attacks the 'corrupt mongrel vocabulary' of the daily press; but he must not forget that reporters do not write in libraries, with dictionaries and encyclopædias within easy reach. They write as they run; and very often they have no opportunity of correcting their 'copy,' or of seeing the proofs of their reports. If, therefore, their words are sometimes ill-chosen, and their style slipshod, it must be remembered that the printer's devil has been standing at their elbow urging haste. So, when a reporter makes use of an inelegant phrase, we can forgive him more readily than we can Mr. Rider, when he speaks, in his own person, of 'crack florists.'

The Recent College Troubles.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

As a Yale man, interested in college matters, I write to ask you to correct an unintentional error in your editorial on 'The Recent College Troubles,' in classing Yale among the colleges where free-thinking is suppressed among the members of the faculty. There are a number of professors whom I might name who, while they do not teach atheism, are yet far from orthodox in their belief, and whose position is well known among the students. The truth is, that Yale, while orthodox in its general drift, does not attempt to choose its professors by theological standards. K.

WATERBURY, CONN., Oct. 17, 1882.

If 'K.' will refer to the editorial in question, he will find that it harmonizes perfectly with his own statement of the facts.

"Boz."

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Pray, how do you and your readers pronounce 'Boz', the nom-de-plume of Dickens? I doubt if it has been pronounced in my hearing half-a-dozen times, yet I have a strong impression that the 'o' is universally sounded short. I have just chanced, however, on its genesis, which Dickens thus gives:

'Boz' . . . was the nick-name of a pet child, a younger brother, whom I had dubbed 'Moses' in honor of the 'Vicar of Wakefield'; which, being facetiously pronounced through the nose, became 'Bozes', and being shortened became 'Boz'.

In that case the 'o' would be long, and the pronunciation 'Boze,' with a nasal twang. Am I not right? W. A. P.

UNIVERSITY CLUB, NEW YORK CITY, Oct. 2, 1882.

To the best of our knowledge and belief, the 'o' is long. It would have been better if Dickens had spelled it with a final 'e.'

The Chautauqua School of Theology.

THE Chautauqua School of Theology has somewhat modified its plans of operation. Instead of attempting in four years to compass the complete course of study, it is proposed to divide the work into eight regular and four special departments; to place each department under the direction of a dean, its work to be performed by the student at any time, and without limitation of time; each dean, by correspondence, to direct the reading and study of the candidate, and, after a satisfactory examination, to forward a certificate. The work accomplished during the past year in the several departments will be credited to the students at present enrolled. The entire expense of the course under the new arrangement will not much exceed that of the old plan.

The following arrangement of departments has been made:—I. Hebrew: Dean, W. R. Harper, Ph.D., of Chicago, Ill. II. New Testament, Greek: Dean, Rev. A. A. Wright, Lynn, Mass. III. Biblical Theology: Dean, (name soon to be announced). IV. Historical Theol.: Dean, Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D., of New York. V. Practical Theol.: Dean, Luther T. Townsend, D.D., Boston School of Theol. VI. Christian Science and Philosophy: Dean, L. T. Townsend, D.D. VII. Human Nature: Dean, Lyman Abbott, D.D., Editor *The Christian Union*, New York. VIII. Literature and Art: Dean, W. C. Wilkinson, D.D., Tarrytown, N. Y. Special courses:—1. The Relation Between Body and Soul: Dean, Prof. J. S. Jewell, M.D., Chicago, Ill. 2. Elocution: Dean, Prof. J. W. Churchill, Andover, Mass. 3. Industrial Economy and Trade, and (4) Jurisprudence. Deans not yet appointed.

Students should not undertake more than one or two of the courses at the same time. It will be possible to complete the studies of the eight departments within four or five years. For further

information concerning the School, the studies of which may begin at any time, address Dr. J. H. Vincent, President, Drawer 75, New Haven, Conn.; Dr. L. T. Townsend, Dean, Boston, Mass.; or Rev. A. H. Gillett, Gen. Secretary, Kalamazoo, Mich.

The November Magazines.

IN SOME respects the November *Century* is the most striking number of that magazine ever printed. It is not that one article claims recognition above all the others, but the average is so high that we turn its pages with constant satisfaction. The opening paper is on Venice, by Henry James, Jr.; and it is followed by a biographical and critical sketch of Mr. James, by W. D. Howells. This is accompanied by a portrait of Mr. James, which will not disappoint his admirers. He is just the sort of looking man we should expect him to be: calm, thoughtful, self-contained, well-kept. 'It is he,' says Mr. Howells, 'who is shaping and directing American fiction; he has his following more distinctly recognizable than that of any other English-writing novelist.' If there is one paper in this number that, beyond any other, will attract the reader, it is Alphonse Daudet's sketch of Victor Hugo, written expressly for this magazine. It is as bright and fresh as one of his stories, and describes the old poet with all the fervor of enthusiastic friendship. Not the least interesting element in the sketch is that of personal gossip. 'At table,' we are told, 'Hugo is well worth watching. Sound in digestion, strong in appetite, between each dish he pours huge draughts of sweet wine. He eats slowly, with a majestic air, masticating his food like an old lion.' Hugo reads nothing. 'No literary work of our day has ever passed under his eyes. He has never read one of my books,' exclaims M. Daudet.

Of *Harper's Magazine* for November we have already had much to say. It is a fine number, full of American interest and life. The beginning of Miss Woolson's new serial, 'For the Major,' will be, to many, its most attractive feature; in the estimation of others, Mr. Howells's poem, 'Pordenone,' may stand first.

Taking up the current *Atlantic*, we run our paper-cutter first through the pages that contain Mr. Warner's 'Ride in Spain,' and we trot along by his side with keen enjoyment. Miss Thomas's 'Under the Sky' attracts us next, and we sit with her 'in the fresh,' glad to get away from art for a short communion with nature.

As all the magazines end their volumes with the current numbers they print their prospectuses for the coming year. That of *The Century* we have already given, as well as a part of *Harper's*. Of the latter there is more to tell. In the January number will be begun a series of four papers, called 'Artists' Strolls in Holland,' written by Geo. H. Boughton and illustrated by Mr. Boughton and Mr. E. A. Abbey. Mr. F. D. Millet will contribute a series of a similar character describing life along the Baltic coast. *The Atlantic* will give its readers Mr. Longfellow's dramatic poem, 'Angelo,' some poems and papers by Dr. Holmes, a dramatization of 'Daisy Miller,' by Mr. James, and a number of sketches of travel and character.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE first sermon in the new series of 'Plymouth Pulpit' is entitled 'The Golden Net.' The reissue of this weekly pamphlet is opportune, considering the new departure of the Plymouth Pastor.

Mrs. Oliphant's new novel, 'The Wizard's Son,' will be begun in the November number of *Macmillan's Magazine*.

The Rev. H. R. Haweis, who is always ready to write on any subject, has written a volume on 'American Humorists.' Other English books announced are Fanny Kemble's 'Notes upon Some of Shakspeare's Plays,' and the 'Retrospect of a Long Life,' by S. C. Hall.

The announcements for the fifty-sixth volume of *The Youth's Companion* show that the newspaper instinct is well developed in its Editor. Besides a long list of popular story-writers, he has engaged special articles from Phil. Robinson, the new English humorist; a Siberian sketch, by John P. Jackson, of the *Herald*; a series of reminiscences and anecdotes, by James Parton, S. S. Cox, and others, including 'Victor Hugo at Home,' by his private secretary, R. Leschilde; and 'Great Southern Leaders,' by A. H. Stephens.

Prof. Max Müller has been invited to lecture at Boston, next year, before the Lowell Institute.

The Methodist has ceased to exist. Its good will and subscription list have been transferred to *The Christian Advocate*. *The Methodist* was founded in 1860, with the Rev. Dr. Crooks as Editor. It absorbed a good deal of the young blood of the Methodist church, and began its career with every promise of success. But Dr. Crooks became President of Drew Theological Seminary, and Dr. McClinck, one of its strongest writers, died. *The Christian Advocate*, on the other hand, grew steadily better, and *The Methodist*, after making a hard struggle for existence, has had to retire from the field.

David McKay has succeeded Rees Welsh & Co. as publisher of Walt Whitman's books. The first edition of 'Specimen Days and Collect' was sold before it left the press.

Anthony Trollope's new novel, 'The Two Heroines of Plumbington,' has begun to appear in *Harper's Bazaar*.

The celebration of the golden wedding of the Rev. Dr. Ray Palmer has reawakened an interest in the popular hymnologist, who was born in Rhode Island in November, 1808, was a fellow-student with the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table, at Phillips Academy, Andover, and wrote his most famous hymn, 'My Faith Looks up to Thee' at the age of twenty-two, at which period he was teaching in a school in this city. Dr. Palmer was ordained as a Congregational minister fifty years ago last July, and has lived at Newark, N. J., since 1871. A brief sketch of his career was printed recently in the Newark *Sunday Call*. Among the hymnologist's published works are his 'Poetical Writings,' 'True Success in Life,' 'Remember Me,' and 'Hints on the Formation of Religious Opinions.' (A. S. Barnes & Co.)

Prof. Boyesen's ballad in *Our Continent* of Oct. 18 is entitled 'Thora,' which is the name also of Mme. Modjeska's new play by Henrik Ibsen, Prof. Boyesen's compatriot.

Prof. F. W. Putnam has reprinted, in pamphlet form, his 'Sketch of Hon. Lewis H. Morgan,' the ethnologist, who left his property in trust to the University of Rochester, for the establishment of a college for women.

A gentleman living in Brooklyn sends us this fragment of a conversation with Emerson, in which Thoreau's peculiarities were discussed. Said Emerson: 'He was frequently at our door for pails, and spades, and axes, and if nobody was about, he would borrow them just the same. A strange creature—more like an Indian than a white man. If he awoke in the morning with an idea that the White Mountains had a claim upon him, he would simply close his door and walk to them. He was to a great extent the creature of his impulses. Though happy in congenial company, he was as well content to be alone.'

The Decorator and Furnisher is the title of a new monthly journal about the size of *The Art Amateur*. It is handsomely printed, and illustrated with wood-cuts; and a design for a ceiling in the first number is printed in ten colors. Original designs of American manufacturers are given a conspicuous place in this new trade-journal, where house-holders as well as house-decorators will find much useful information.

Messrs. Trübner & Co. (London) have reissued Bancroft's 'Native Races of the Pacific States' in five volumes, with maps and illustrations, at \$5.25 each,—a reduced price.

Mr. R. Worthington has determined to give up his retail business and devote himself exclusively to his own publications and importations. Mr. Worthington has in press a new edition of Mr. Geo. A. Baker's 'Point-Lace and Diamonds,' with some additional poems, in one of which the *Seventh Regiment* is celebrated.

The *Baltimore Day* announces that it will hereafter pay special attention to literature.

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. announce 'The New Arabian Nights'—not Mr. R. L. Stevenson's last book, which Messrs. Holt will reissue, but a collection of the tales left out of the current versions of 'The Arabian Nights,' translated and edited by W. F. Kirby. They have also in press 'The Princess and Curdie,' by George MacDonald, a sequel to the same author's 'The Princess and the Goblin,' and a book by Wm. Leighton, on 'The Subjection of Hamlet,' in which the question of the insanity of the Prince is answered in the affirmative.

The frontispiece of the November *St. Nicholas* is printed in colors from electrotype blocks. The method is an experiment, we believe, but it has been most successfully made by Francis Hart & Co. Mr. R. B. Birch is the artist and Indian Summer is the subject.

Messrs. Appleton have decided to bind the Shakspeare in their English Classic Series in parchment covers.

We have received the prospectus of a unique work, to be entitled 'Bibliotheca Novae Ecclesiae,' upon which the Rev. J. R. Boyle, of Cottingham, near Hull, England, has been at work for a long time. It is designed to include in this bibliography a description of every book, pamphlet, or tract, which has been published to the present date in connection with Swedenborg or the New Church, either in England, America, the British colonies, or on the continent of Europe. The work will consist of three parts. The first will contain a list of theological or religious works by New Church writers; the second, a list of their secular writings; the third, a list of works written in opposition to the teachings of the New Church. Whenever it is possible, a biographical sketch will be given of the writer whose works are described. The book will contain about 6000 titles. It is to be handsomely printed on hand-made paper, and will be sold to subscribers at 21 shillings a copy. A small edition only will be issued. A few larger copies will be sold for £2 12s. 6d. Intending subscribers may address: Charles Higham, 27 A, Farringdon Street, London, E. C.

Prof. Olsen's 'Personality, Human and Divine' is almost ready at T. Whittaker's. The same publisher, who has just issued a very cheap edition of Bertram's 'Homiletical Cycloedia,' also announces 'Evangel Sermons for Parochial Missions,' by the Rev. Dr. Joseph Cross.

Dr. W. R. Williams's 'Eras and Characters of History' will soon be published by Messrs. Harper.

'The History of Fashion in France,' which means the history of fashion in America, for the last century and more, is an amusing as well as an interesting record of the various styles of dress of women, from the Gallo-Roman period to the present time. The book is translated from the French by Mrs. Cashel Hoey and John Lillie, and is to be published in this country by Scribner & Welford. It is illustrated with twenty-one colored plates. The same firm also announce for the holidays, 'Florence,' a companion volume to 'Venice,' illustrated with over 500 photogravures and engravings.

The *Bibliographer* for October (Bouton) quotes from Mr. Poole's report to the Directors of the Chicago Public Library, to alleviate the anxiety of those who imagine that disease is sometimes transmitted by public-library books. It prints, also, a table copied from the inside cover of an old Bible, in which the number of books, chapters, verses, words, and letters in the Old and New Testaments and the Apocrypha are set forth, with other curious information of the same sort. 'The above,' it is declared in a foot-note of the anonymous statistician, 'took three years casting up.'—G. W. O. contributes to the October *Antiquary* (Bouton) the following version of a stanza from an old ditty, of which he knows no more:

General Wolfe was a very great man,
Uncommon brave—particular;
He clambered up rough rugged rocks,
Almost perpendicular.

The December *Harper's* will contain a paper on 'William Black at Home,' by Joseph Hatton, with a portrait of the novelist, and pictures of his London lodgings and his house at Brighton; also a poem, 'Found Drowned,' by Dinah Mulock Craik, illustrated by E. A. Abbey.

It will surprise most of the readers of Mr. R. H. Shepherd's collection of Dickens's 'Plays and Poems' to find that the genial Boz was the author of 'The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman.'

Mr. Charles L. Brace's new book, 'Gesta Christi; or, a History of Human Progress under Christianity,' will be published in November. The design of the work is to show the practical effect of Christianity on the laws, customs, and morals of the different periods. The position of woman, slavery, serfdom, parental rights, and similar subjects in each period are treated. In the Middle Ages, subjects such as feud, the peace of God, judicial, duel, ordeals, torture, private war, and arbitration, are discussed. In the modern period, the influence of Christianity on international law, arbitration, the limitation of war, and modern reforms are examined, as well as on education and liberal government, the distribution of property, temperance and chastity. A brief comparison is made with the influence of the Hindoo, Buddhist, Chinese, and Mohammedan religions on the position of woman and humane progress. The closing chapter considers objections and examines the relation of Christianity to evolution and the future humane progress of mankind.

FRENCH NOTES.

Of recent French books, that which has excited the most discussion is M. Barbe D'Aurevilly's novel, 'Une Histoire sans Nom' (Paris: Lemerre). It is another of those unpleasant stories in which the novelists of the day attack the priesthood. A young girl, addicted to somnambulism, falls victim to the wiles of a monk, goes mad, and kills herself by running eighteen pins into the region of her heart. After this remarkable suicide, her mother goes in search of the monk, finds that he has turned robber, and has the satisfaction of cursing him in his grave. It is a work of the coarsest fibre.

M. Louis Favre publishes a complete history of the Luxembourg Palace between the years 1300 and 1882 (Ollendorff). He was the private secretary of Chancellor Pasquier in 1850, and gathered countless anecdotes concerning the Palace from the survivors of the Directory and First Empire. He has many new stories to tell about the loves of Mlle. de Montpensier, the follies of the Duchesse de Berry, the tragic scenes of the 'Terreur,' the festivities of the Directory, the conspiracies, lawsuits and, finally, the communistic societies who made their headquarters in the Luxembourg during the disorders of 1871.

The Count de la Ferrière issues a curious work entitled 'Les Projets de Mariage de la Reine Elisabeth' (Calmann-Levy), reciting with infinite detail the fortunes of the various suitors of Queen Bess,—the Duc de Nemours, Charles IX, Archduke Charles, Duc d'Anjou, Duc d'Alençon and the rest. M. Adrien Maquet has written a history of the suburb of Marly-le-Roi under the title 'Les

Seigneurs de Marly' (Librairie Universelle). It is chiefly remarkable for a preface contributed by M. Victorien Sardou, the dramatist, who lives in the neighborhood of Marly.

The finest *éditions de luxe* are the Poems of Catullus, translated by M. Eugène Rostan (Hachette); the complete works of Alfred de Vigny (Charpentier); and the third volume of Jules Janin's 'Œuvres de Jeunesse' (Jouast).

GERMAN NOTES.

DR. KARL WANDER has just completed a dictionary of German and foreign proverbs and household sayings. Similar works exist in most European languages, but none so full as these five thick quarto volumes ('Deutsches Sprichwörter Lexicon': Leipzig: Brockhaus). Some 225,000 proverbs and familiar sayings in German, and about 75,000 in foreign languages, are reproduced. The compiler states that more than one thousand bound volumes and many thousands of pamphlets and newspapers have been consulted by him and his collaborators. The source from which each saying is derived is given, so far as it has been possible to discover it. We find in this invaluable treasury quotations from American newspapers and printed political speeches which one would think had never been seen beyond the limits of our Western territories. Quaint sayings from out-of-the-way corners of the Pyrenees, from Calabria, from remote districts of Spain, from the Lowlands of Holland, and from the Highlands of Scotland, are here gathered together; and every nook and corner in the Fatherland from the Baltic to the Alps, from half-Danish Slesvig to Styria and the Tyrol, has contributed to swell the store. Dissertations on the character and manners of the different nationalities add to the value of the work, which is, moreover, provided with copious index.

The October number of the German monthly, *Rundschau*, contains, besides two pleasant little stories by Conrad Meyer and Th. Richard, a remarkable criticism on the philosophy of Darwin, Goethe and Lamarck—a strange triumvirate—by Ernst Haeckel. This paper was read originally at the meeting of the Association for the Advancement of Science. E. Hoffmann contributes an essay on Means to Improve International Communication; and the Italian, Flaminio, gives another chapter on the irrepressible Roman Question, which, in spite of wars, conferences and treaties, does not yet seem to be settled. *Nord und Süd* is more serious this month than usual. Karl Brann-Wiesbaden writes upon Cosmopolitanism and Particularism; Colonel von Brandt, of General von Moltke's staff, gives an interesting article on English Military History in India; and an anonymous writer—J. A.—contributes his views on the Relations of Hungary to the House of Hapsburg. Lighter literature is represented by a charming novelette by Paul Heyse, 'Unvergessbare Worte' ('Words Never to be Forgotten'), a poem by Lingg ('Diocletian in Salona'), and a very amusing 'Summer-Letter,' on contemporary German literature, by the Editor.

Science

Recent Mathematical Text-Books.*

ALGEBRA has been defined as the Science of the Equation; but every teacher knows that for the beginner its first and chief difficulty lies in the mastery of a new language, or, to borrow the happy words of Sir William Hamilton, a new organ of expression. Long before the student is competent to attack the resolution and theory of equations, he has to make himself familiar with this new symbolic language, at once so precise and comprehensive in its meanings, so flexible in its transformations, so far-reaching in its results; and, early in his experience, the teacher comes to recognize the necessity of sacrificing something of elegance and scientific form to the practical ends of the class-room. For the beginner, general demonstrations and abstract reasonings, couched in a purely symbolic language, do not possess the force which they have for the mathematician, nor do they carry the same clear conception of the logical connection between their varied applications. It is thus no easy matter to attain the true mean between a diffuseness which enervates and a brevity which discourages. It is not too much to say that the author of the 'Complete Algebra' has been eminently successful in this respect, and it is safe to predict for this work—which is a new edition, with ten chapters added, of the 'Elements of Algebra,' noticed in these columns a year ago—the favorable reception which has been already awarded to his Geometry. This is well illustrated in the treatment of that important subject, factoring. A facile and ready ability to decompose algebraic expressions into their factors can hardly be overestimated. The author lays an excellent foundation in his chapters on multiplication and division.

* (1) Complete Algebra. By G. A. Wentworth. \$1.40. (2) A Practical Arithmetic. By G. B. Wentworth and Thomas Hill. Boston: Ginn, Heath & Co. (3) Graphic Algebra. By A. W. Phillips and W. Beebe. \$2. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

He here constructs synthetically the rules which are to appear later on in their final form, and nowhere does he better exhibit his knowledge of the student's needs and of how to supply them.

The selection of examples is clearly due to a teacher. They afford just the exercise needed to illustrate principles and render their application facile, without consuming time and wasting energy. As a whole, this is a superior book, and deserves its name. As the author observes, 'originality is not to be expected'; but for this very reason it is often attempted. It is no easy task to prepare an elementary work which shall do more than meet the requirements of the author's own classes. But we are much mistaken if this one does not meet those of many teachers.

'A PRACTICAL ARITHMETIC' (2) has the same merit—that of being adapted to the student. The problems are numerous and give a great deal of information as well as drill. A wise prominence is given to the metrical system, and it is introduced logically in connection with decimal fractions, as it should be. Logarithms also find an elementary exposition, and their introduction is to be commended as a step toward presenting advanced conceptions in general to the beginner in their proper place; not indeed because they afford easier methods of computation or solution only, but because they are thus given their logical place in the system.

GRAPHICAL methods have of late years received much attention. They serve a double purpose, of solution and of illustration. As solutions, they are always inferior to analytic processes in accuracy, but for practical purposes are sufficiently exact, in a large field of engineering problems especially; and by affording at a glance a view of all the conditions involved, they possess an advantage over abstract investigations. This is notably true in the calculation of strains in trusses, equilibrium, curves in arches, etc., and in the representation of the results of experiment, where the graphical method is literally far more graphic than tables or empirical formulae can be. Professor Vose has published in the Van Nostrand Series a graphic solution of certain algebraic problems; but such problems call for exact answers, and this use of the method is mainly illustrative in its aim. This is also the object of the 'Graphic Algebra' (3)—namely, to illustrate, or interpret geometrically, the general theory of equations. It is therefore quite distinct from that of Captain Lill of the Austrian service, which is designed to find graphically the real roots of numerical equations. The object in view is well carried out, probably with more of detail than the time allotted to the theory of equations in most colleges would warrant. The use of the isometric projection in the construction of the loci is superior to that of the more common Cartesian system, because the end in view is precisely a pictorial illustration. In the use of such a book care must be taken to keep this its object distinctly before the mind of the student, who is prone to say that an equation has three equal roots because the three intersections of the curve with the axis coincide.

Archaeological Institute of America.

THE latest news from Assos announces satisfactory progress of the investigations of the Expedition. Extensive and interesting remains of ancient baths have been laid bare below the stoa plateau; and the description and restoration on paper of the whole vicinity of the great stoa and of the theatre will form one of the most valuable chapters of the next Report. Digging was about to be begun at the old gymnasium, of which a topographical sketch appears in Plate 4 of the First Assos Report, together with a summary description of the portions of it which had then been excavated. Mr. Haynes, of Constantinople, spent a large part of August and September at Assos, taking photographs for the Expedition. It is said that his success, for an amateur, was excellent. It is satisfactory to learn that all necessary work of exploration will be finished by the end of the present season.—The Archaeological Institute is about to issue a Bulletin which will contain, with other matter, an account of its activity during the past summer.

THOMAS W. LUDLOW.

'COITAGE LAWN,' YONKERS, N. Y. 11th October, 1882.

Scientific Note.

THE American has begun the publication of concise weekly reports of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences. Prof. Angelo Heilprin will have charge of their preparation.

The Fine Arts

Mr. Sargent's "El Jaleo."

IF Mr. Sargent has joined the ranks of the French impressionists, it is their gain and his loss. That band of artistic ne'er-do-wells, whose existence has been but an ineffectual protest against a stupidity stronger in its way than their insight, has found a leader of some prowess in the painter of 'El Jaleo,' if he means seriously to take up their cause. But Mr. Sargent is doing himself an injury in putting

himself at the head of such a ragged regiment, however despicable their immediate opponents. He is too good a painter, too much of a gentleman and a scholar, to be found in such company. Because the race of great artists has apparently died out in France, because the schools are turning out thousands of clever mechanics with money-making as their only motive and without an idea in their heads, that is no reason why a man of original talent and respectable acquirements should join the crowd of gamins who barely know enough to hoot and mock at the dullards, while being themselves equally barren of good works. There are things better worth painting than scenes such as suggest themselves to the average Parisian art-student after a 'racket'; and there is a modern way of looking at things which does not necessarily take in all their ugliness and leave out all their grace and beauty. Mr. Sargent, it must be said, shows a comprehension of these truths even in the present picture, but he has much more clearly indicated it in previous efforts. His work has been quiet, simple, unostentatious—all the more expressive of the kind of life which he understands and with which he sympathizes. This 'El Jaleo,' on the other hand, is loud, almost coarse; slipshod in execution; fearfully and wilfully wrong in drawing; weak in composition. It has nearly all the faults that a picture can have. Yet it has also some great merits,—those that the painter could not divest himself of if he would. It is original. It is beautiful and approximately true to the effect intended in tone, in color, and in light. This is a great deal.

The principal figure in the picture is a dancer, a coarse and hardened woman, posed in a most ungainly attitude, in the glare of the footlights on the narrow stage of some cheap Spanish theatre. She is almost falling backward. The right arm is bent, the elbow toward the spectator, the hand on her hip, holding up the drapery, which is voluminous enough. The other arm is extended and somewhat raised, showing the largest surface of the muscles, thus appearing more massive than the one which is nearer. The arrangement of the light adds to this effect, as it brings out this left arm in full relief against the background, the right being not only partly in shade, but lost in the folds of the dress. The figure faces the right. The heavy silk skirt, of a pale pink, strongly lit up though disarranged, does not seem in motion. It is as it would appear in an instantaneous glance. But the light shawl which she wears over her shoulder is, of course, in violent motion. The difficulties to be overcome are thus such as could only be surmounted by the aid of the most studied and delicate drawing and painting; but, as has been said, the painting is slovenly and the drawing wretched. Still, the very rashness of the attempt makes the picture interesting; and after looking at it for a while, one begins in spite of one's self to enjoy the novel and exquisite range of grays and flesh-tints, and the subtle appreciation of values and of certain curiosities of light and shade which, if nothing else, will yet gain Mr. Sargent a place among the modern masters of painting.

Among the other new pictures at Schaus's is a large and excellent painting by Emile Dupré, which in subject and treatment is the complete antithesis of 'El Jaleo.' It is one of those matter-of-fact pastorals which are just now popular in France and also, apparently, in this country. A young peasant girl, trying hard to lead home a refractory cow, is represented. The drawing and painting are firm, assured, successful. The cow is a good cow and especially realistic as to the state of her haunches, which need the curry-comb sadly. The girl, also, is well done. The struggle between the two is not badly rendered, and the rural landscape in which they are placed is very satisfactory. But there is no sign of progress in the whole affair. Cattle have been painted just as well, in the same manner, by Van Marcke, and better by Troyon. The picture does not interest one like the other. It is too evident that the painter has simply learned a trade by which he expects to make an honest living. He has no higher aim; he has nothing new to say; yet one cannot help wishing that Mr. Sargent had chosen a subject as wholesome and painted it as carefully and as well. He has done so before and doubtless will again. He certainly knows that it is not necessary to be careless or frantic or ultra-sensational in order to be original. When he paints a picture worthy of his powers, it will be a picture that will live.

Art Notes.

DE NEUVILLE is to paint the storming of Tel-el-Kebir for the London Fine Arts Society.

Part XI. of *American Etchings* is devoted to Stephen Parrish, one of the most interesting of American Etchers; and Part XII. to T. Henry Hill, one of the most uninteresting.

The collection of pictures to be seen at the reception-room of the Co-operative Dress Association includes an original drawing by Gainsborough—a copy of Van Dyke's portrait of himself; a pencil sketch of Charles Dickens by Sir Wm. Boxall, made in 1840; and a drawing in red chalk by Sir Thos. Lawrence, supposed to be a portrait of himself at the age of nineteen. Some interesting autographs of Alexander Pope, Dickens, and Turner are to be seen at the same place.

The Architectural League has held its annual meeting and elected the following officers:—President, D. W. Willard; Vice-Pres., J. L. du Fais; Treas., J. B. Robinson; Cor.-Sec'y, A. W. Brunner; Rec.-Sec'y, C. I. Berg. Interesting addresses were made by Mr. Willard and Mr. du Fais. Mr. F. H. Bacon, of the Assos Expedition, has joined the League, and other new members are proposed.

With its December number *The Magazine of Art* begins its sixth volume. The programme for the new year is an inviting one. It includes special articles by Austin Dobson, E. W. Gosse, Wm. Morris, Cosmo Monkhouse, Mrs. Mark Pattison, W. E. Brownell and others. The current number has for its frontispiece J.-F. Millet's 'The Shepherdess and Her Flock.' The leading article is on Eastman Johnson, with a portrait and engraving after some of his best-known paintings.

A very representative collection of pictures by American artists, young and old, is on exhibition at Kirby's. A very early Kensett; the celebrated view of St. Peter's and the Vatican by Inness, and several American landscapes by the same vigorous brush; an excellent wood-interior by Wyant, full of misty air and dreamy sunshine,—these are among the most interesting of the paintings by the older men. 'The Cockatoo,' and a sketch of an Arab musing, by Chase; Walter Shirlaw's portrait of a bull-dog; Dewing's young fawn, rich in color, well-drawn and painted; Murphy's fisherman's hut, clever as is usual with him, and truer in tone and feeling than his work ordinarily is,—these are good examples of the new school, or rather schools. Mr. Bridgman's Assyrian monarch holds, not by right, the place of honor at the end of the gallery. Winslow Homer, F. S. Church, and others, are represented by slight work. A number of prize Christmas-card designs will probably astonish by the names appended to them. There is the customary and inevitable proportion of trash. A better opportunity to see at a glance the present position of painting in America is unlikely to occur this winter.

The Drama

MR. BRONSON HOWARD'S new play at the Madison Square Theatre satisfies all expectations. It is well written, well constructed, and purely American. It is the best specimen of the native drama that has yet been produced. It is a work of the sort for which we have long been clamoring. For months we have been crying on the housetops, 'Give us a good American play. Let us get rid of the masterworks of Mr. Bartley Campbell and Mr. Fred Marsden. Let us get rid of Mr. Wallack's stupid English comedies, with their everlasting 'haw, haw.' Let us get rid of Mr. Palmer's artificial French dramas, mangled in the adaptation. Give us a well-written native play, presenting scenes which appeal to everybody. Let the same skill which Frenchmen apply to French life and Englishmen to English life be applied by Americans to American life.' Mr. Bronson Howard has answered this appeal. We invite the attention of playgoers to the result.

'Young Mrs. Winthrop,' as the piece is called, would succeed under any circumstances and in any theatre. Its principal scene, indeed, is devised and executed with a masterly skill which has only been equalled in recent plays by the second act of Victorien Sardou's 'Divorçons.' Its dialogue is beautifully finished. Its story aims straight at the heart. Its author, who is generally thought to have been cramped by the limitations of the theatre, needed no managerial admonition to know, what all the masters have taught him, that the simpler his tale, the more direct its appeal. There may be those who find a Sunday-school ring in the drama. We are not of the number. To us its morality is as sturdy and robust as the morality of a satire by Augier compared with the aphrodisiacs of Octave Feuillet. It excites laughter of the heartiest kind; it draws tears which nobody is ashamed to weep. 'Goody-goody?' Dear but sceptical playgoer, you who listen to our words of wisdom, you who have seen everything, you who are indurated to emotion, join, we pray you, the fashionable throng which fills this beautiful little theatre, where the comfort of the appointments, the golden sheen of the curtain, the mystery of the invisible music are so cunningly designed to charm the senses, and if during the progress of this American play, written by an American author, you are not groping with one hand for your pocket-handkerchief, and longing with the other to shake the hand of Mr. Buxton Scott, the good old lawyer of the piece, lay our dramatic review henceforth aside, and never give ear to our counsel again.

Mrs. Burnett, whose mind is naturally more vigorous than Mr. Bronson Howard's, exhausted herself in 'Esmeralda' after the second act. Mr. Howard, with dramatic strategy, keeps his critical scene for the end; and, when it is unfolded, it is readily seen to be worth all the rest of the play. Douglas Winthrop has quarrelled with Constance, his wife. The loss of their child has failed to reconcile them. They meet to sign a deed of separation, prepared by Mr. Scott, the lawyer, who has determined to re-unite them. They listen to him in silence as he mumbles the legal formulas. Pausing at the

date of their marriage, he recalls the day when they knelt together in the village church; when Constance's father, the good old rector, blessed them with trembling voice, and the sunshine, streaming through the window, threw an aureole of happy omen on their heads. They are silent still, and he reads the document in which Douglas delivers to Constance the homestead at Concord. Again he lingers to gather memories of the old farm. 'In this corner stood the cherry-tree,' he says. 'Nay, in that,' cries Constance eagerly. 'It was not in the corner at all,' remarks the husband. The silence is broken. Mr. Scott remembers that it was here he saw Constance walking with a strange man, and Douglas is hot with wrath. Then he recollects that, on the contrary, it was Douglas walking with a strange woman, and Constance is driven to tears. At last he tells them that all their property is divided—all but a little lot in Greenwood Cemetery. Who shall have that? No answer comes; not a word; for Constance is folded in her husband's arms.

And when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There, above the little grave,
Oh, there, above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears.

Out of this touching scene Mr. Howard has spun, at too great length, his entire play. He seems to have conceived it originally as a comedietta like 'Old Love Letters,' and to have found himself under the necessity of expanding it into four acts. Hence its weakness. Much of its action rolls around an invisible woman of fashion, Mrs. Hepworth Dunbar: and much of it rests like a pall on the coffin of the Winthrops' dead child. Mr. Howard is not fertile in stage expedients; he is not skilled in the introduction of episodes which add to the strength of the plot while they lessen the strain on the spectators. On the contrary, his episodes are resented as an intrusion. Mrs. Dick Chetwynd, a twice-married lady, played coarsely but with astonishing brilliancy by Mrs. Agnes Booth, enters the stage just as the interest is gathering, takes a seat, relates her conjugal misadventures in a long monologue, and only allows the story to proceed when she has ended her amusing persiflage. Two young lovers, Douglas Winthrop's clerk and a blind girl, very prettily enacted by Mr. Henry Miller and Miss Edith Stuart, make love in the Robertsonian style with a needle and thread, and both have to be bundled out of the room before the business of the play can be resumed. And a much greater defect than either of these, which are readily forgiven by an indulgent public, lies in the incompetence of the principal performer. Mr. George Clark is wholly unfitted for a part which needs elegance of address and grace of bearing. He is awkward in presence, uncouth in manner, and makes the play seem heavier than it is by having none of the airiness and vivacity of a comedian. But as for the piece itself, we accord it a hearty welcome. As for the acting of Mr. Whiffen as the philanthropic lawyer, we congratulate him on the success of his career. As for the managers, we trust they will stick to the home-made drama, whereof 'Young Mrs. Winthrop' is the ripest product. Here, as the newspapers say, is the writing on the wall. We hope that the Belshazzars of the box-office will stop to read it. Its lesson is perfectly clear. 'Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin.' The days of foreign trash are over.

MR. DALY, too, has opened his season auspiciously. 'The Squire,' by Mr. A. W. Pinero, is a well-constructed English play, stronger in texture than 'Young Mrs. Winthrop' but far less intelligible to an American audience. It illustrates very aptly our contention about native plays. By the spectators in Daly's Theatre it is viewed as through a glass, darkly. Its motive is apparent to all; its handling commands universal respect; but the farm-life in which it is set is as far removed from American farm-life as a court-ball at Buckingham Palace from a reception at the White House. Much, as all playwrights know, depends on locality; and if an American dramatist, having Mr. Pinero's abilities, had worked out this same story on a Connecticut farm, his piece would have run till the summer. As it is, it is merely the best English play that has been imported for some years.

We need not ask how much of it is borrowed from 'Far from the Madding Crowd.' Mr. Pinero has thrown discredit on his talent by trying to conceal what would be obvious to a child. His inventive faculty is quite strong enough for his purposes, and his dramatic skill is proved by a comparison of his version of Mr. Hardy's novel with the version produced by Miss Clara Morris at the Union Square. He shows it in transforming the loafing, selfish Sergeant Oak into a gallant and manly young lieutenant. He shows it in his vindictive gypsy serving-maid, whose jealousy of the Squire's new favorite suffices to reveal the Squire's secret. He shows it in his treatment of the smaller personages, each of whom occupies his proper place in the play. He shows it in the logical precision with which his story is carried forward, never turning to the right or to the left. What more can Mr. Pinero desire? What ambition should tempt him to lie about the origin of his piece? If he thinks that people will accept him as a man of original ideas, as a playwright of high excellence, his success has turned his head. There is not in 'The Squire' one trace of the true

dramatic artist. There is not a remarkable touch of character; there is not a memorable line or a tolerable joke in it. It is merely good stage-carpentering, and that is all that anybody expects from an English dramatist of the present day.

Kate Verity, 'the Squire,' is not a dramatic personage. She belongs rather to the class of Jane Eyre and Miss Multon—the class of women who are too tightly girt by the prose of daily life ever to soar to the regions of pure love where the drama delights to dwell. She is the Martha, not the Mary of her household, and Mary was the heroine of the Biblical story. She is disposed to be strong-minded; she is engaged in unfeminine pursuits; she directs her bailiffs, keeps her books, oversees her lands, receives her tenants' rent, pays her farmers' wages, and is, in more than name, the Squire of the parish. Moreover, she is not very tender of heart; and when Gilbert Hythe, her handy-man, offers her his love, she rejects him very scornfully and dismisses him from her service without a token of regret. And when the audience see the popinjay in a scarlet uniform whom she really loves and whose true honesty of purpose is at first obscured by his unusual habit of going about an English village in full regiments, they resent her conduct as that of a flighty school-girl rather than that of a grown woman, the mistress of the Verity estates.

The mother of Lieutenant Thordyke, the popinjay, has promised to disinherit him if he marries. Therefore his marriage with the Squire is kept secret. Before it is made public, the Squire, being then on the brink of maternity, learns that he has been previously married to a Neapolitan ballet-dancer, who turns up in pursuit of him. The news of her existence is brought to Kate Verity by the Mad Parson—a cynical, sour-tempered, clerical misogynist; and Kate is brought face to face with the great agony of her life. It is a magnificent opportunity for a playwright. It is a scene which, well wrought, would make the reputation of a lifetime. Mr. Pinero, with nice art, brings his audience to the highest pitch of expectation, and then lets his heroine fritter the scene away in moanings and mouthings and melodramatic phrases. Finally the vindictive gypsy maid brings in the villagers to witness her shame, and the Mad Parson, knowing the truth, stands between her and them, bids them beware of tale-bearers, and learning with a word that the dancer is dead, places the Squire's hand in Thordyke's, and unites them as the curtain falls.

Thus the playwright robs his leading actress of her best chance. Miss Ada Rehan is not, at present, skilled in expressing the deeper emotions. Her voice is low, which, though an excellent thing in woman, is a shade monotonous in a player. Her intelligence, however, is of the highest order; she gives point to pointless lines; she puts life into inanimate situations; and, by the same process which transformed Mrs. Kendal in England from a hoyden to a most pathetic actress, Miss Rehan will ultimately be enabled to play upon every note of her art. For the rest, what shall we say? If we speak kindly of the Madison Square players, what praise is too high for Mr. Daly's company? It is, by many degrees, the best company in America. Individually it might be matched; collectively it stands unrivaled. There has been nothing better on the modern stage than Mr. Charles Fisher's presentation of the Mad Parson and Mr. James Lewis's presentation of the old farmer, Gunnion. Without distributing the usual adjectives of eulogy, which announce that Mr. A. was powerful and pathetic and that Mr. B. was clever and versatile, and which will soon exhaust the dictionary of English synecdoches, we may say that Mr. Yorke Stephens, the new-comer, is worthy of the company in which he finds himself; and that Mr. John Drew, Mr. W. H. Beekman, and a pretty young woman, Miss Virginia Dreher, all did very well indeed.

WITH nods and becks and bird-like gestures, Mme. Théo has been carolling during the week on a twig at the Bijou Theatre. Her only new piece has been 'La Timbale d'Argent.' It is a remarkable specimen of the Priapic art of Paris, quite as curious as those Pompeian relics which are shown in the secret cabinets of the Museum at Naples. From any other point of view, it is as witless as the music of its composer is barren. Poor little Mme. Théo struggled in its filth, like a limed linnet, and it was only with a heroic effort that she finally got free and soared into the empyrean of *chansonnieres*. Then she sang those ditties dear to the workingmen and *calicos* of Paris, 'Bras d'ssus, bras d'ssus' and 'N' m' chatouillez pas', and so, with her melodious sketches of the night-side of the city—the lovers in the starlight, the drunkard stumbling home on the arm of his wife—she shook her pretty wings and was lost in the infinite blue of song.

Music

"Les Contes d'Hoffmann."

THE jolly composer of 'La Grande Duchesse' and 'La vie Parisienne,' as old age came over him, evidently began to turn his mind to things less worldly than cancans and rushing waltzes. No doubt Offenbach intended to show the world which he had amused with his delightful humor for a quarter of a century, that he was capable of

more serious work than the rather risky burlesques which first won him a reputation. 'Les Contes d'Hoffmann' shows traces of superior musical skill; the instrumentation, though never original, betrays intimate knowledge and intelligent appreciation of the orchestral works of the great masters of modern music. The melodious phrases are often commonplace, but many are very sweet and attractive. The first impression produced by the work relates to its lack of originality. Every composer, from the time of Mozart down to Gounod and Wagner, has contributed to this olla-podrida. Berlioz has been liberally consulted in the first act; Gounod's beautiful garden scene in 'Faust' smiles at us in the lovers' duet in the third act; while 'Lohengrin' and 'Tannhäuser' can be recognized in many an instrumental passage. Meyerbeer has contributed more than any other composer. Offenbach was too good a man of business not to appreciate the commercial value of the catch-penny effects—the musical vulgarisms—with which Meyerbeer pandered to the vitiated tastes of the Paris opera public, however much, as a musician, he may have despised them. Meyerbeer wrote, not for the world, but for the Paris Grand Opera, which repeated his works hundreds of times, and paid him hundreds of thousands of dollars for them. Offenbach thought that what was good enough for Meyerbeer was good enough for him. Evidently he was right. Mr. Grau's play-bill informs us that 'Les Contes d'Hoffmann' has been given nearly two hundred times at the Opera Comique. This is a pleasure to which the Parisians are heartily welcome, and an honor to the dead composer which will not be paid to his memory in any other place on either side of the Atlantic. In the eyes of most musicians, the opinion on musical art of a people who drove Wagner off the stage with penny-whistles and tinnies—who for thirty years closed the doors of their opera-houses and concert-halls to Berlioz, the only great composer they have produced—is not worth considering.

There are no connected plot in 'Les Contes d'Hoffmann.' Those who are not acquainted with the marvellous stories by Ernst Theodore Amadeus Hoffmann—an erratic German genius, much like our own Edgar Poe, who lived in Berlin in the early part of this century, and whom Offenbach has made the hero of his opera—will not be able to understand the series of incoherent scenes which make up the libretto. —Two newly-engaged artists of Mr. Grau's company made their débüt on this occasion. Mlle. Derivis's voice has lost some of the charm and freshness of youth, but her style is sympathetic and she is an experienced actress. M. Maire, the new tenor, has a fair enough voice of rather uneven *timbre*. Both are very acceptable acquisitions to the class of opera company which Mr. Grau presents. The work of the orchestra was at times very slovenly, and the chorus woefully out of tune and time.

Italian Opera.

MR. MAPLESON apparently did not care to show on the opening night of his season the full strength and capabilities of his company. The opera selected for the first performance was Bellini's well-worn 'I Puritani,' and the new prima-donna turned out to be a very small *Donna seconda*. Mme. Zagury—who was well known here some ten years ago under the more English name of Laura Harris—should not attempt a leading part in grand opera; neither voice, style, nor appearance, entitles her to claim such a position. The other principal parts were well represented by such excellent artists as Signori Galassi, Ravelli and Monti; but these were scarcely able to save the performance from coming dangerously to failure. It would be unfair to judge Mr. Mapleson's company from this weak performance; he should be given every chance to redeem his promises, though he has again abused the patience of the kind-hearted New York public.

Mme. Geistinger.

THE production of a new opera by the author of 'Mme. Angot' and 'Giroflé-Girofla' is an interesting event to the lovers of light operatic music. The Amberg Company, of which Mme. Geistinger is the star, have produced a new work by Lecocq, which in every respect is superior to anything else by the same composer. The story of 'Trompette' is founded upon a romantic episode of the Wars of the Fronde, and affords fine opportunities for the introduction of stirring dramatic incidents. Of these, the composer and the librettist have taken due advantage. The score contains many effective numbers, fine vocal and orchestral combinations, and charming and thoroughly original phrases. The finale of the second act—the storming of a barrack by the Royalist troops—is as good as the music of the very similar scene in the third act of 'The Huguenots,' though that is not saying very much. And the final tableau of this act, with Mme. Geistinger on the top of a high barricade, waving the red flag of the Fronde is very striking. Mme. Geistinger was charming in the leading part of Countess Cameroni (Trompette), and she was well supported by Messrs. Schütz, Junker, Link, etc., Mlle. Praga, who made her débüt in this opera, is a pretty girl, with an agreeable and well-schooled voice.

Mme. Gallmeyer.

It would be a pleasant change to see Mme. Gallmeyer in something else than imitations of other actors, and purely local burlesques. We are sure her talent would show to more advantage in a broader sphere. She has appeared in a new play—new at least to New York—called 'Wives as They Ought not To Be.' Nothing but the admirable acting makes it bearable. Mme. Gallmeyer had again the ungrateful task of imitating all sorts of people, but she performed it with exceeding cleverness. But mimicry and caricaturing is after all a very negative kind of art, and we trust that before she leaves us we shall have a chance of seeing her and some of her troupe in parts wherein they may do full justice to their abilities.

Musical Notes.

MR. NEUPERT, a Norwegian pianist, has given a series of piano recitals, at Chickering Hall, which have been attended by intelligent audiences. He has many excellent qualities. His technique is of a high order, his execution scrupulously correct, and his interpretations are marked by taste and intelligence.

Miss Adelaide Phillips, whose death has been announced, was not an American, as Americans generally supposed. She was born at Stratford-on-Avon, in 1833, but came to this country when very young, and made her début in a childish part at the Boston Museum.

When the fine quality of her voice became known, she was sent to Europe to study. Her musical débüt in America was made at the Music Hall, Boston, in 1855. The next year she appeared in opera in New York, under the management of Max Maretzky. From that time forward her success was great; until the day of her death she remained the favorite contralto of America. Miss Phillips was an unusually fine actress both in comedy and in tragedy. Her Little Buttercup in 'Pinafore' was as amusing as her Azucena was impressive.

A volume on 'Franz Liszt: Artist and Man,' by L. Romann, will be published by W. H. Allen & Co., of London.

If we have any national music, it is to be found in the songs of the plantation darkies; and we have to thank Messrs. O. Ditson & Co. for publishing a collection of some of the best of these songs. With the dying-out of negro-minstrelsy we are losing some very sweet music, and we are glad to find so much of it preserved in this collection. Unfortunately, the swing of the banjo is not always felt in the accompaniments here given. In the favorite song with the dreadful name, 'Root Hog, or Die,' we miss the marked accentuation given by the late Dan Bryant's long shoes. Perhaps this collection will meet with such favor that the publisher will follow it up with another, so that still more songs may be rescued from oblivion. We are beginning to pay serious attention to American folk-lore, and we will soon discover that these plantation songs contain an important part of it.

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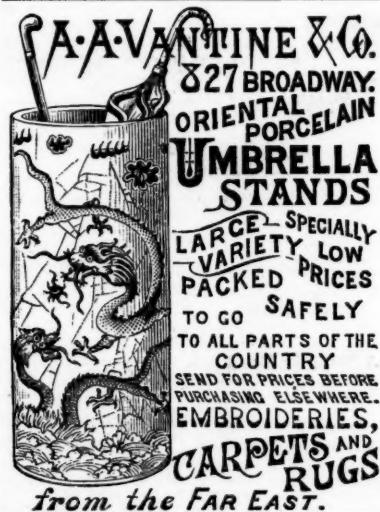
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